

IN ALL OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

There is Hardly a Woman Who Does Not Rely Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Princeton, Ill.—"I had inflammation, hard headaches in the back of my neck and a weakness all caused by female trouble, and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with such excellent results that I am now feeling fine. I recommend the Compound and praise it to all. I shall be glad to have you publish my letter. There is scarcely a neighbor around me who does not use your medicine."—Mrs. J. F. JOHNSON, R. No. 4, Box 30, Princeton, Illinois.

Experience of a Nurse.
Poland, N. Y.—"In my experience as a nurse I certainly think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a great medicine. I wish all women with female troubles would take it. I took it when passing through the Change of Life with great results and I always recommend the Compound to all my patients if I know of their condition in time. I will gladly do all I can to help others to know of this great medicine."—Mrs. HORACE NEWMAN, Poland, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Estate of Peter Sheltra, Sr.
STATE OF VERMONT.
District of Orleans, ss.
The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans, ss.
To all persons interested in the estate of Peter Sheltra, Sr., late of Barton in said district deceased, GREETING:
WHEREAS, said Court has assigned the 24th day of September next for examining and allowing the account of the Administrator of the estate of said deceased and for a decree of the residue of said estate to the lawful claimants of the same, and ordered that public notice thereof be given to all persons interested in said estate by publishing this order three weeks successively previous to the day assigned, in the Orleans County Monitor, a newspaper published at Barton, in said district;
THEREFORE, you are hereby notified to appear at P. W. Baldwin's office in Barton in said district, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the day assigned, then and there to contest the allowance of said account if you see cause, and to establish your claim as heirs, legatees and lawful claimants to said residue. Given under my hand this 24th day of August, 1915.
B. M. SPOONER, Register.

Commissioners' Notice
Estate of Minnie M. Andrus
The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans, Commissioners, to receive, examine, and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Minnie M. Andrus, late of Glover, in said district, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid, at the residence of A. P. Bean in the town of Glover in said district, on the 24th day of September, and 24th day of February next from 10 o'clock p. m., until 1 o'clock p. m., on each of said days and that six months from the 24th day of August, A. D. 1915, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated at Glover, Vt., this 24th day of August, A. D. 1915.
A. P. BEAN
ROY E. DAVIS
Commissioners

Estate of James R. Collison
STATE OF VERMONT.
District of Orleans, ss.
The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans, ss.
To all persons interested in the estate of James R. Collison, late of Barton in said district deceased, GREETING:
WHEREAS, said Court has assigned the 24th day of September next for examining and allowing the account of the Administrator of the estate of said deceased and for a decree of the residue of said estate to the lawful claimants of the same, and ordered public notice thereof to be given to all persons interested in said estate by publishing this order three weeks successively previous to the day assigned, in the Orleans County Monitor, a newspaper published at Barton, in said district;
THEREFORE, you are hereby notified to appear at P. W. Baldwin's office in Barton in said district, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the day assigned, then and there to contest the allowance of said account if you see cause, and to establish your claim as heirs, legatees and lawful claimants to said residue. Given under my hand this 24th day of August, 1915.
B. M. SPOONER, Register.

Liberation Notice
I have given my son, John Glen Willey, his time during the remainder of his minority and shall claim none of his earnings or pay any of his bills contracted after this date.
FRANK G. WILLEY
Barton, Vt., Aug. 30, 1915
15-37 P.

DRY WEATHER TROUBLES
The lack of rain these past few years has caused many troubles among horses, such as hard, dry, sore and contracted hoofs. MORRISON'S OLD ENGLISH LINIMENT will absolutely relieve these troubles. It is the same time, a powerful healer for all cuts, open sores, shoe boils, lame muscles, contracted cords, sprains, inflammation, corns, quarter-cracks and fever, thrush and rheumatism—acting promptly and effectively.
We authorize dealers to refund your money if a \$1.00 bottle of Morrison's Old English Liniment fails to cure. We also guarantee a 50 cent bottle to prove satisfactory. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send it, prepaid, on receipt of price.
Our Valuable HORSE BOOK FREE on Request
The JAMES W. FOSTER CO., BATH, N.H.

10% Discount on all tires in stock
Phone 54 ring 11.
Vulcanizing a specialty.
Ford Mats \$1.25. Tool Boxes \$2.50
THE LINDSAY GARAGE
WEST DERBY, VT.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT UERNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

An Unpleasant Incident Ends the Evening at the Quaint Old London Tavern

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Jove, that's queer," frowned Warren. "I'd have sworn it was on this street."

"Could that be it—down there where those lights are?"

"No, it was a dingy little place. Come on, let's try the next block."

They turned into another narrow dimly-lit street which ended abruptly a little further on. It was these unexpected turnings and blind passages that, for Helen, made the London streets so full of charm.

Warren paused before a low doorway, over which hung a quaint wrought-iron lantern and a swinging sign "Higgins' Wine Room, Est. 1749."

"Here we are; here's the place," as he pushed open the door.

Inside the walls were lined with huge wine casks, and the air was pungent with the odor of wine-soaked wood. There were a few bare tables, a sawdust floor, a long bar and some sporting prints, yellowed with age.

"How about this? Real thing, eh? Now what do you want—port?"

"Port's too sweet," objected Helen. "Not the kind you get here. Oporto Port, 1873," reading the label on one of the casks. "That'll about do for us."

The barmaid drew the port, and gave them a couple of watercress sandwiches from under a glass dome.

"How about that for color?" Warren held up his glass. "That dry enough?" sipping it. "Couldn't get that port at home at any price."

Helen was taking in every detail of the bar, with its shining glasses and polished brass. It was the first time she had ever been in a barroom, although in London they are frequented by women of all classes.

On the end of one of the casks was tacked a conspicuous war poster: YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU—A CALL TO ARMS.

An addition of 100,000 men to his majesty's regular army is immediately necessary in the present grave national emergency.

Lord Kitchener is confident that this appeal will be at once responded to by all those who have the safety of our empire at heart.

Full information can be obtained at any post office in the kingdom.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Although Helen had seen this same bulletin posted everywhere, it seemed curiously out of place in the quiet, peaceful seclusion of this quaint old tavern, with its atmosphere of Dickens' London.

"Would you think she'd wear so many bracelets?" whispered Helen, watching the barmaid draw a mug of foaming ale.

"Oh, they all wear a string of bracelets, and they're strong on hair puffs. But they're all right—a barmaid over here is just as much respected as a stenographer or a clerk."

"Yet the men all talk to her," for two men were lounging over the bar in a leisurely conversation.

"Sure, she talks to the customers—that's part of her job. But no Englishman ever gets fresh with a barmaid. She wouldn't stand for it."

"Oh, Warren, look! What a beauty!" as a huge malted man jumped down from the bar and stalked majestically across the sawdust floor.

With a cooing, "Kitty, kitty, kitty," Helen held out a bit of sandwich. The cat sniffed at it, then leaped suddenly into her lap.

"Oh, you dear, you dear!" stroking the sleek fur. "I've got a Pussy Purr-Mew at home—but she's not so heavy as you."

"Put it down! You don't want that dirty cat in your lap."

"She's not dirty! You're a beautiful clean pussy cat, aren't you?"

The cat purred loudly and dug her claws through Helen's skirt as a further expression of content.

"Pardon me, sir, may I see this?" The man at the next table reached for the paper Warren had laid aside.

There was an unmistakable American twang to his accent when a little later he returned the paper with a sociable, "Well, you can't get much news out of these English papers. They've got the press pretty well bottled up."

"Yes, they're not giving out any more than they can help."

"No," Warren reached for a match, "just here in London."

"You're fortunate. A month ago I was in Berlin—took me five days to get here. Wouldn't go through those five days again for a good deal."

"Must have been a pretty strenuous trip."

"Strenuous! I saw three poor devils dragged out and shot. Two of them died game, but the other, a big strapping fellow, too—well, it wasn't a pretty sight."

Helen listened breathlessly while he told of the harrowing experiences of that journey. He was from New York, and he talked importantly of his interests there and of his large letter of credit that had been useless.

When finally he left them, Helen looked after him much impressed.

"I wonder who he is?"

"Huh, that was a lot of hot air he gave us. They're all blowing about the big letters of credit they couldn't use. Well, ready to go?"

"It's a shame to disturb her," reluctantly lifting the heavy, sleepy cat from her lap.

"Darned shame. Want to stay and nurse her all night?"

Outside there was almost a wintry tinge in the chill, damp air.

"Oh, I love that place!" Helen turned to look back at the dim light from the wrought iron lantern. "Let's not forget where it is."

"Hold on there!" Warren stopped short under a street lamp and examined his hat. "Great Scott, I've got some other fellow's lid!"

They hurried back, but Warren's hat was not there.

"Well, some blooming fool's worn it off—that's all," irritably. "If he brings it back give him this," and scribbling their hotel address on his card, Warren left it with the barmaid.

"Oh, dear, I'd carry that until we get to the hotel," when they were once more outside. "I can't bear to have you wear anyone else's hat."

"I'd look like a blithering idiot without a hat this weather."

"But you might get some scalp disease! They say all kinds of things can be caught that way. Besides, dear, it isn't clean!"

"Well, you're not so all-fired particular or you wouldn't have nursed that cat. Talk about germ carriers!"

Helen, sensing his growing irritation, made no further protest, but when they reached their room she carefully scrutinized the derby. The initials were "L. E. W." and the maker G. Watts, 65 Fleet street, London, E. C.

"Dear, lift that down," pointing to their steamer roll on top of the wardrobe.

"What for?"

"Your traveling cap is in there."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, you'll have to wear something in the morning until you can buy a hat. You won't wear this!"

"Why won't I?" belligerently.

"With that greasy leather band inside? Just look at it!"

"Well, I'm not going to blow in my twelve shillings for a new hat. Understand? Now let up about it. Here, sew on this button," tossing her the vest he had just taken off.

While Warren undressed Helen got out her traveling workbook, in hurt, resentful silence. Surely in this she was right—he ought not to wear that hat; it might be filled with germs.

"See here! I'm tired of disgorging this bed every night." Warren yanked off the heavy bolster and the two extra pillows. "Can't you make 'em take off this stuff and leave it off?"

"I did speak to the maid, but she said she didn't have any place else to put them."

"Well, you tell her to find a place, or I'll fire them out in the hall."

"Very well, dear, I'll speak to her again," conciliatorily, as she put away the workbook and hung his vest over a chair.

A moment later there was a loud knock on the door.

"Who the devil's that?" growled Warren, tying with a jerk the cords of his bath robe and shuffling over to answer it.

It was a bellboy with his hat.

"The gentleman's waiting downstairs, sir. He says he's very sorry he made the mistake—and would you send his down, sir?"

When the boy had gone Warren slammed the door, and flung his own hat on the table.

"There, hope you're satisfied. But I can tell you one thing—if that Johnnie hadn't turned up with my hat I'd have worn his the rest of the trip—even if it was a size too small."

"But why—" began Helen.

"Why?" savagely. "Because of your infernal meddling—that's why! If that hat band was soiled, I could see it—couldn't I? But no, you've got to go up in the air—you've got to manage everything. Didn't dream of wearing that hat tomorrow till you started to row about it."

Helen, who was letting down her hair, bit her lip with an air of patient endurance that irritated him all the more.

"That's right," raspingly. "Now feel hurt and pity yourself. That's always your role! But, take it from me, if you'd an ounce of brains you wouldn't be forever butting in. A man wants to manage his own affairs once in a while!"

Garlic Flavor in Milk.

Recent investigations in the dairy division of the United States bureau of animal industry have proved that the flavor of garlic may be entirely removed from milk by blowing air through it while it is held at a temperature of at least 140 degrees Fahrenheit. An exposure of 30 minutes at 145 degrees is sufficient to free milk from the most objectionable flavor. A somewhat longer exposure is necessary for cream.—Scientific American.

CALEDONIA COUNTY.

Miss Caroline Woodruff, who has been a teacher in the public schools of St. Johnsbury for several years, has been assigned to take charge of the new teacher-training course in Bradford.

Principal O. D. Mathewson of the Lyndon Institute has returned to Lyndon after passing the summer with his family in Wheelock. At least 200 students will be enrolled in the school this year.

S. N. Stimson, the county agricultural agent, has resigned his position to take effect October 1. The executive committee for the Farmer's association expect to be able to announce his successor soon.

Several rare orchids were recently shown in the Fairbanks museum at St. Johnsbury. Among these was the prairie white-fringed orchid, which is known to grow in only one place in Vermont. New stations for ragged trilled orchids and slender ladies' tresses have been discovered in Caledonia county.

A large number of former students attended the reunion at the old red schoolhouse in South Wheelock last week. Short speeches were made by W. J. Bigelow of St. Johnsbury, Martin Daniels of Lyndonville, M. M. Tappin of Orleans and Mrs. J. B. Chase of Lyndonville, who gave a talk on garden work.

Charles H. Ranney died recently at the house of his brother-in-law, George H. Merrill, on the old Ranney farm near Lyndon on which Mr. Ranney was born. Mr. Ranney was in the employ of the St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain railroad 45 years, 35 years of that time running between Lyndon and St. Johnsbury and making his home in Swanton most of the time.

A circus showing in Hardwick the other day served to clear up the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Homer Wilson, a son of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson. Nothing had been heard of Wilson since his disappearance as a boy 17 years ago. He was with the circus and even after a neighbor who knew him as a child recognized him, he denied his identity. When other people recognized him he admitted that he is Homer Wilson. After that he visited his two brothers and a sister and will visit his parents, who now live in Massachusetts. Once before he had been in Hardwick with a circus, but on the first occasion no one recognized him.

WEST BURKE

Mrs. Leroy Bugbee spent a few days in Barton last week.

Miss Doris Smally has returned to Montpelier to attend school.

H. G. Woodruff is critically ill, and a trained nurse is caring for him.

Miss Celia Spencer went this week to her school in Waltham, Mass.

Miss Viola Cobb of West Derby visited at Charles Copeland's recently.

Miss Carrie Marshall begins her school in Lyndon Center this week.

Mrs. Josephine Bigelow has been visiting in town during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hall are visiting their daughter in Indian Orchard, Mass.

Mrs. Muzzey of Montpelier has been spending a few days at W. M. Stoddard's.

Miss Florence Drew of St. Johnsbury was the guest of Miss Maude Smith last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marshall of Alston, Mass., called on relatives in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Jamieson and little son visited in Newport and Hardwick recently.

G. M. Craig has sold his mill to C. E. Marshall of this place, and E. M. Joyce of Centerville.

The Misses Laila and Glenn Roundy have returned to their schools in Springfield, Mass., and St. Johnsbury.

Mrs. Aldrich and daughter, Miss Myrtle spent Sunday with Professor and Mrs. Orcutt at Willoughby lake.

The W. R. C. had a very pleasant gathering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bowman Kelley on Tuesday of last week.

W. E. Collins of New York City was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Orcutt at Edgemere during a part of last week.

Miss Allis Townsend, who has spent part of her vacation at W. E. Gaskell's, has returned to her school in New York City.

Mrs. Jennie Campbell of Charleston and Miss Martha Stevenson of Lyndonville were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Marshall, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Marshall have a fine flower garden which contains over seventy different kinds of flowers to say nothing of several varieties of phlox, pinks, asters, etc.

Gordon Davis has left town and will soon return to Oberlin college, where he enters upon his junior year. His sister, Miss Angie, has gone to her school in Andover, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Spencer and daughter, Celia, Mrs. Myrtle Hall, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hill and Hiram Spencer attended the funeral of Mrs. Ward, at Hardwick on Wednesday of last week.

SUTTON

Sutton Grange will hold their annual fair Sept. 22.

Gilbert Sanborn has gone to Plainfield on a visit.

N. J. Seymour has purchased a new Ford touring car.

Miss Lillian Craig has gone to North Troy to teach school.

David Gallup of Underhill is visiting his aunt, Mrs. C. E. Coburn.

Manson Whipple has sold his farm to Ed. Brown of Lyndon Center.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Joy are at their cottage at Willoughby lake for a few days.

Miss Beth Switzer has gone to Lyndonville to work for Mrs. Charles Lewsey.

Miss Irene Day has returned to Melrose, Mass., to resume her duties at school.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Coburn and daughter were week-end guests at H. A. Coburn's.

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Ingalls are taking a drive through the northern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Austin of Lyndonville spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Mattie Gilman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and son of Montpelier visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Miles the past week.

The young people gave their play, "Out of His Sphere," Saturday evening to a good-sized and appreciative audience.

There will be another library social at Mrs. C. G. Cheney's Thursday afternoon if pleasant, if not, the first pleasant day following.

Soho Square, London.

Soho is perhaps the most curiously derived place name in London. According to Samuel Pegge, the antiquary, Soho square, which has given a name to the district, was first called Monmouth square when the ill fated Duke of Monmouth had a house there. Upon the duke's defeat and execution in 1685 the square was ordered to be called King's square, and a statue of King Charles II. was set up in the middle of it. But the partisans of the Duke of Monmouth, wishing to preserve a distant remembrance of their leader, called it Soho square, from "Soho" a hunting cry adopted by the duke as his watchword at the battle where he was taken prisoner.—London Saturday Review.

Justice.

A Sunday school teacher had been telling her class of little boys about crowns of glory and heavenly rewards for good people.

"Now, tell me," she said at the close of the lesson, "who will get the biggest crown?"

There was a silence for a minute or two, then a bright little chap piped out:

"'Im wot's got t' biggest 'ead.'—London Tit-Bits.

Futility of Argument.

Plato defined man as "a two legged animal without feathers." Diogenes, who heard this, plucked a cock. "This is Plato's man," said he. But never you think the old timer lacked a "nover back." He added to his original definition the words, "With broad flat nails." Such is the futility of argument.—Springfield Republican.

PHILOSOPHICAL BITS.

Despise pleasures; pleasure bought by pain is injurious.—Horace.

He is willing to be what he is and sees nothing preferable.—Martial.

Keep what you have got; the known evil is best.—Plautus.

What each man feared would happen to himself did not trouble him when he saw that it would ruin another.—Vergil.

The remedy for wrongs is to forget them.—Syrus.

FEW HATS FOR SATURDAY

Something different, just the thing or School. New things every Saturday throughout the Season.

MRS. C. L. HUTCHINS
Davis Block Barton, Vt.

Tel. 56-3

GUNS

Not for war but for peace. We have all kinds of Shotguns and Rifles.

AMMUNITION

for every kind of shooter we know of. Gun Covers, Gun Tools, Gun Oil and everything for the hunter.

H. T. SEAVER

The HARDWARE MAN

Barton, - Vermont

Out-of-Town Depositors

A person at a distance can open an account with the Orleans Trust Company just as easily as one close at hand by making the United States Mail his confidential agent, and at any time the whole or part of the amount can be withdrawn without any previous notice. We furnish addressed envelopes and blank orders for withdrawal in fact everything necessary for Banking by Mail. 4 per cent interest paid on all accounts large or small, compounded twice a year.

Orleans Trust Company
NEWPORT, VERMONT

The "Single Damper" in Crawford Ranges

is the greatest improvement ever made in stoves. By one motion it regulates fire and oven—push the knob to "Kindle", "Bake", or "Check"—the range does the rest. Better than two or more dampers. Have you seen it? This Single Damper is patented—no other range has it.



The deep Ash Hod—instead of the old clumsy ash pan—with Coal Hod beside it (patented) is easy to remove—doesn't spill ashes.

Gas ovens if desired; end [single] or elevated [double].

For Sale by
H. T. SEAVER
Barton Agent

Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., Makers, Boston